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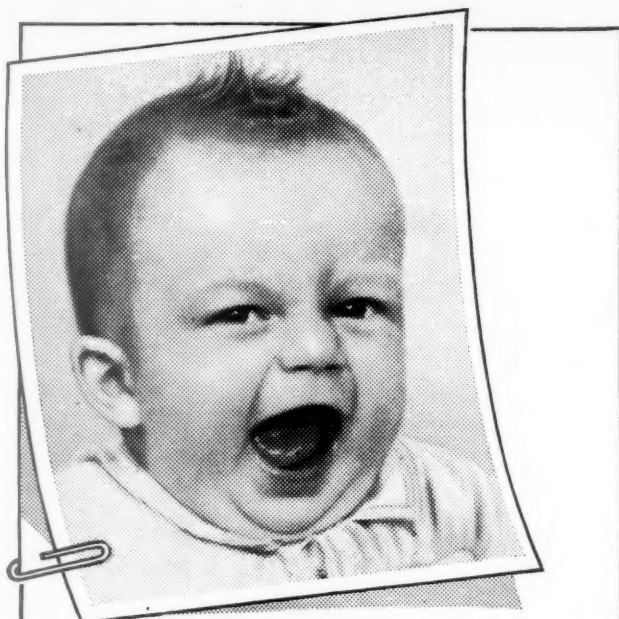
Vol. CCVII
No. 5414

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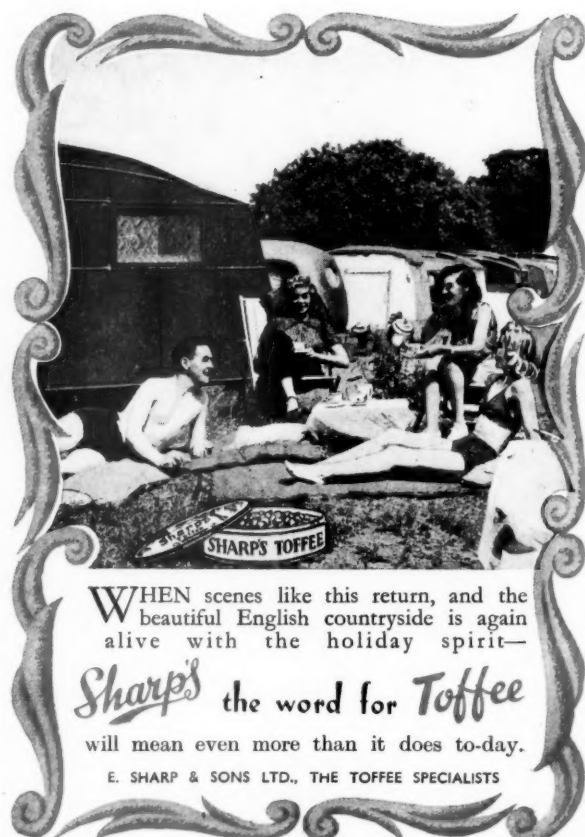
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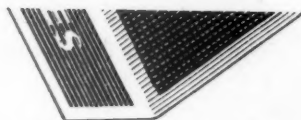
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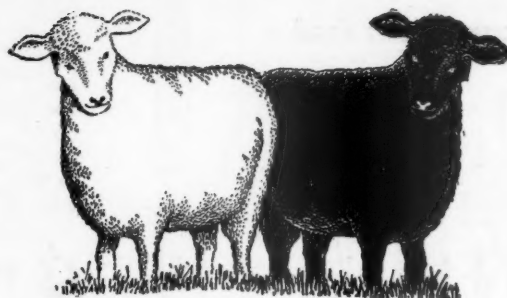
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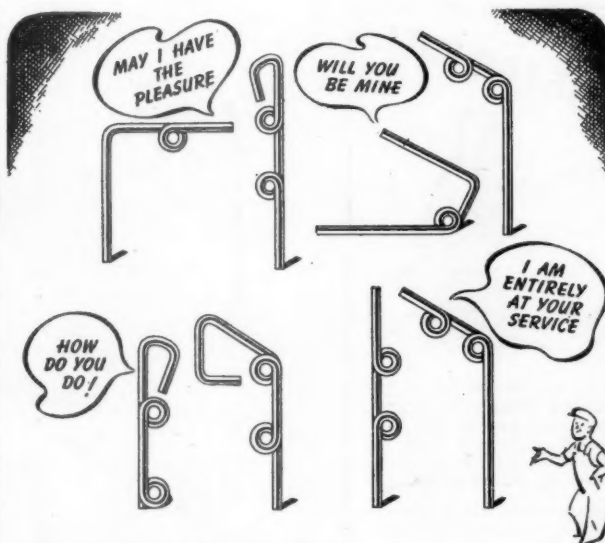
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Would that these wonderful lamps of the 1001 angle adjustability could play a wider part in this effort, but, alas, their supply to the public is restricted for "the duration." So, until then—

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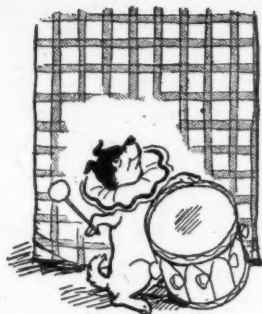
Tea and...



all sorts of biscuits—
preferably JACOB'S
... a pleasure we all
look forward to after
the war.

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CREAM
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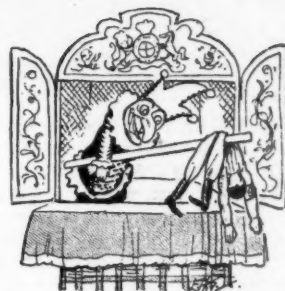
W. & R. JACOB & CO. (LIVERPOOL) LTD



PUNCH

Or

The London Charivari



Vol. CCVII No. 5414

October 25 1944

Charivaria

BRICK manufacturers are organizing a press campaign to offset steel house publicity. It is up to plastics inventors to offer a third alternative for those who do not believe all they read.

The captain of Hitler's secret long-range U-boat has been told to stand by. At any moment he may have to load the thing on to the plane for Argentina.



Springing to It

"After the war British manufacturers must caper for overseas markets."—Schoolboy's dictation.

"Homing pigeons are the most blasé travellers," says an editress. Everywhere they go they behave as if they disown the place.

German militarists are anxious for the war to end. Every day's delay now inevitably postpones the start of the next one.

According to a business man it was the British grocer's sense of humour that saw him through the most difficult days of this war. Our man kept his under the counter.

Christmas will soon be here, but at the time of going to press the Ministry of Food still hasn't stated the price per pound turkeys are likely to be unobtainable at.

It has been suggested that it would be a good thing to retain dried eggs after the war. But surely the Ministry of Food will be able to release their stocks of shell eggs then?



"Hitler moves in a small circle," we are told. And it's growing smaller. Look at the map.

In their own home, members of one London family converse in Basic English only. When one recently hit his thumb with a hammer there were a surprising number of words unsaid.

Eire is the only neutral which has not yet refused sanctuary to war criminals. This infuriates Hitler, who is waiting to complete his list of where not to go.

Newsprint is now so scarce that a man biting a dog in Fleet Street recently was simply ignored.

Recent changes in the Far Eastern Command are interpreted by the Japs as a sign that there is disagreement between the inevitable.

"Can you give me any ideas or suggestions on how to have a musical evening?" asks a correspondent. Yes. First turn off the wireless...

This Week's Posthumous Effort

"Robinson Planché—incidentally an important but half-forgotten dramatist and master of stage-craft—writing in 1872, forty years after his death, said that Elliston remained, even at that date, unrivalled as the gentlemanly rake or agreeable rattle in high comedy."—Weekly journal.

"A cold is not an illness to be ignored," writes a nurse. Too many people try to hush it up with a handkerchief.

What to do with the Hun

GERMANY is once again facing the dark days of 1939-1941, when she stood alone to defend civilization against barbarism. She has had to call out her Home Guard, which is prettily called the *Volkssturm*. She will fight on until a peace is guaranteed which will safeguard the future of Germany, and her beaten allies, and thereby the future of Europe. This is not my idea. It is Hitler's. But it shows that in the German mind the story of the last six years is exactly the reverse of our own story, and one of the things we shall have to do in the end is to prevent German historians from getting at the war and making a mess of it. "We will fight them on the speeches," they say. And German historians are a fairly industrious crowd.

I find myself deeply concerned about this prospect, though my friends are not. They merely tell me what they are going to do with German territory when peace is declared.

"I should break Germany into bits," one of them said to me last week, standing on my hearth rug, or rather a kind of Persian mat near the fire; a very interesting mat because the pattern along the edge suddenly works from plain zig-zags into zig-zags with beetles, and then back into plain zig-zags again, but I need not go into all this just now.

"I should break Germany into bits, as I break this lump of coal," and he struck savagely with my brass poker at the only large piece of coal I have got.

Happily, he failed to destroy it.

"What would you have done with the bits?" I asked him.

"Give them to other nations who deserve them and would use them better."

"All right," I said. "I don't care. But my own idea would be, after breaking up Germany, to take the bits and dump them in the Baltic sea. Then we could fill the hole that was left with water and have it patrolled by the Swiss Navy, operating from Geneva."

He did not care for my notion and went on to say that he would break up Germany, until the very name Germany ceased to exist in the world.

"It doesn't exist now," I reminded him, "except in England," and that made him hesitate for a while.

But my own concern is what to do, not with Germany, but with the Germans, of whom not many will be left in their own land, so far as I can see. But hundreds of thousands or millions will be in prison camps all over Europe, awaiting release, preparing to be industrious, docile and efficient, and preparing to rewrite history the wrong way round.

I do not see why they should go home, and I think the T.U.C. are right in thinking that they ought to rebuild Europe. Especially, in my own opinion, to rebuild England.

The English people are quite willing to work when they have it to do, but they prefer betting and beer, and now that they are to be cared for from the cradle to the grave it is only fitting, I consider, that they should have some obedient servants to do all the odd jobs that have to be done, before civilization starts again.

I have made an alphabetical list of these odd jobs (and I have lost it), but I know it begins rather like this:—

Agriculture	Art
Braces	Buttons
Civil Aviation	Crockery
Dish Cloths	Domestic Services
Eggs	Export Trade
Form-filling	Furniture
Gardening	Gates
History	Houses
ICES	International Finance

I wish I could remember how it all went on. I know that "Q" stood for queues—and could there be any more suitable punishment for the *Herrenvolk* than making them wait outside the fishmonger's for me, and bringing back the fish to my door?

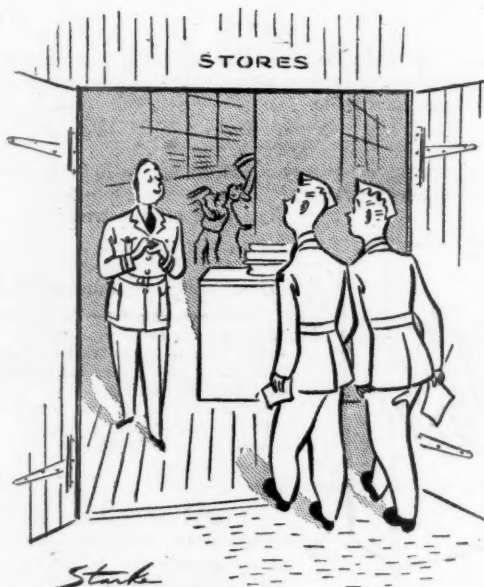
You may argue that there could have been nothing very suitable to put down under "Z," but you have forgotten, I expect, zinc and zoning, just as you will have failed to remember, for "X," the manufacture of xylophones and the xyster, which is a surgical implement for scraping bones.

Having plunged, not to say landed the entire world, in war for six years and compelled them to make nothing but guns and explosives and bombing planes and tanks, the Germans should now be employed, at the smallest wage possible, to manufacture the appliances of a global peace, while the rest of us enjoy a little well-earned repose.

But mark that I have put down under the letter "H," and not without reason, History. One of the failures of the last war was the gradual feeling, induced by clever German scribes, that the war was not their fault and they did not deserve to be blamed for it.

Under this new arrangement the Germans will write History, but we shall supervise and censor it. They will sign their own confession of their own sins. And after that they can go back to Germany and put together any bits of it that remain.

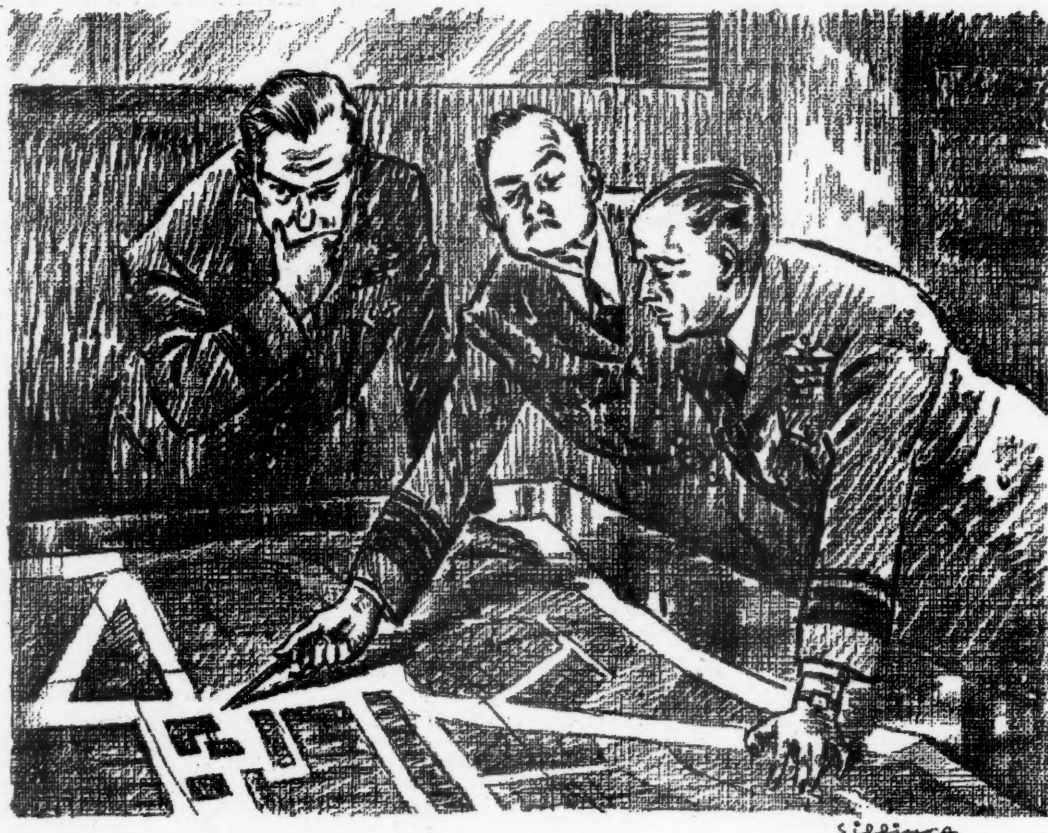
I notice, by the way, that I did not include Coal Mining under "C." It will be a pleasant thing for the Germans of the Ruhr to be working our coal mines instead of their own. They can be called the "Bormann" boys. EVOE.





THE DOUBTFUL SUN

"A few more victories like this, Admiral, and I go down."



Silence

"Get a direct hit on this building and you knock the whole of their filing system on the head."

In France Again

II

WE insisted on seeing a VI site—or as the French describe it, a *point de départ*. They sent us to a village about fifteen kilometres from the sea. Here, it turned out, there was no *point de départ*, but several of *les robots* had fallen near, and we were soon in the midst of bomb-stories. French bomb-stories are more enjoyable than ours because they are illustrated by eloquent gestures, and the gestures which accompanied the story of the *robot* which turned round and slew twelve Boches you can perhaps imagine. We heard a good deal too about *un grand trou*; but we have seen a few craters in our time, and *robots*, we know, made puny craters, so we did not pay much attention. M. le Maire, however, seemed hurt about his *trou*, so we trudged through

the rain to a field outside the village. The story was that a *robot* had fallen there and failed to explode and the Germans blew it up. Whatever caused it, the *grand trou* certainly deserved a visit. We have never seen such a *trou*. With our long legs we measured it; and we made it sixty feet across and sixty-six yards round (nearly 200 feet). Depth, twenty-five to thirty feet. Yet, as they pointed out, the cottages and small barns a hundred yards away were quite undamaged. A doodle-bug? Who knows?

We journeyed on through the rain to another village which was entirely surrounded by *points de départ*. Two citizens, one of them the *gendarme*, kindly boarded our U.V.* and guided

us into the depths of the local forest. It is a very long forest and we seemed to drive for miles. Presently we saw a crater and a few fallen trees. "*Les bombes anglaises*." The farther we went the more such evidence we saw. At last there were so many trees lying across the road, that we had to get out and walk—or rather wade. The Frenchmen inquired if we were armed. We said "No—why?" They said there were still *Allemands* hiding in the woods, and last night there was a *coup de fusil*. We picked up a big stone and squelched cautiously along between the craters.

At last we trod on concrete, a long central pathway. On the right a couple of dug-outs, on the left a big concrete sort of barn, with no wall on one side. The assembly-shop, we

* Utility vehicle

suppose—or perhaps the officer's garage? The *point de départ* itself was farther on, to the right, an island in a sea of craters. The runway itself had not been hit, but there was a large crater exactly at each end. The wide-gauge rail-track was still in place, but there was no sign of the firing-ramp. We stood there in the rain and glorified the R.A.F.

At the northern end they had cut the trees to short stumps to let the doodle-bugs fly over, yet keep the foul place hidden. We looked that way with queer and quite unChristian feelings. "This was the one, perhaps," we thought. All the Doodle-Time our humble home was on one of the regular lines from the South-East—and very near another, the "Ealing Run," we called it: for most of the Things roared strongly over, and after a while we felt that they were not seriously after us. Then one night a new line began. They came from some point more to the southward. They seemed to come more quickly and with less warning than the others. They fell short and broke the windows next door or went over the bathroom very low. They had the range; they had "bracketed" us; they were after us; they were dead straight. We took compass bearings and studied the map: and we reckoned that they come from somewhere near X. Well, here we were behind X, and perhaps this was the one.

To think that dirty little Germans had fussed about on this spot, making guttural noises, with no other business than to dispatch a large explosive Thing through that little gap towards the Haddock home! Flying-men, too, the papers said. They lived down in those dug-outs, we supposed, those flying-men, for there was no other sign of a dwelling-place. Deep in the forest, under the arching trees, they thought themselves safe enough; even over the *point de départ* the tree-tops nearly touched. They lay in those dug-outs singing "We march against England"; and when the first bombs fell a mile away they laughed. The R.A.F. would never spot them. At night they came out and chalked rude messages on the doodles in the concrete barn, and wheeled them into place, and scuttled into concrete again. They laughed again, perhaps, when their brave flying-officer pressed the button in his concrete hole. Off went the monster through that little gap, over X and over the sea—it would take about ten minutes over the sea, and about fifteen minutes terrifying civilians on land. Over the South Downs it would go, over Haywards Heath, that famous port, over the fortress of Three

Bridges, over Reigate or Redhill, over Banstead and Sutton and poor old Mitcham. Perhaps it fell there, as so many did. If not, it charged ahead over Wimbledon, sneaked across the Common and cut out over Barnes—a run of twenty-five minutes. Such are the fruits of Science.

But long before that these "good" Germans here had wheeled another monster or two into place and sent them off with more rude messages and laughter, and went back for a good sleep in the *abri*, while the people of West London dug in the ruins for their wives and children.

Then one day the R.A.F. dropped a bomb or two much nearer. A chance shot, maybe, but it spoiled the canopy of trees. The runway was open to the sky now, and there was less laughter in the forest. The gallant German airmen would have liked to go, but no, said the S.S. man, by no means! The Fuehrer's revenge must continue. And he showed them photographs of St. Paul's Cathedral in flames, and they were comforted.

Then the R.A.F. came back in force; and this time there was no doubt about their knowing what they were up to. They peppered the *point* with bombs. They blew the shooting-sheds and the officer's hole and every structure within fifty yards to bits—likewise a number of laughing Germans. And are we delighted?

We stood in the rain there and blessed the R.A.F. till the Frenchman observed that he was getting a little damp. Then we went to see another *point*. This lay alongside a public road, for all to see, from the road, but not from the sky, so close were the trees above it. Only one bomb had fallen near this one. But the French said that this *point* had never got a single *robot* as far as the sea. All had fallen in the fields. While we congratulate London and the Southern Counties we should remember that Doodle-Time has not been very much fun for Northern France. Nor, we think, for the *Luftwaffe*.
A. P. H.

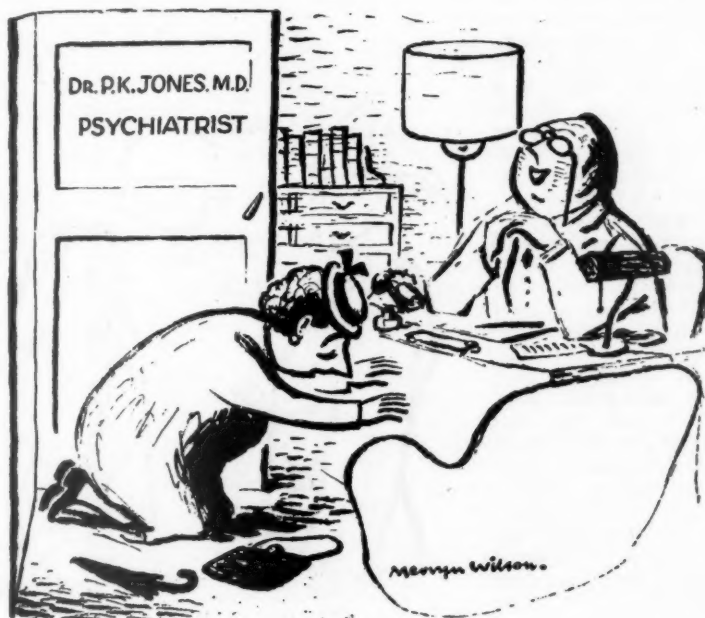
The New Drug

ABOUT half a million
A Well-meaning people
Call it Pencillion,

Altho' there is still an
Impressive minority
Backing Pencillan,

While some folks are willin'
To bet you a shillin'
That it's Penicillin.

All these are quite
Sure they are right. A. W. B.



"Good morning, Mrs. Todhunter. How's the inferiority complex?"

At the Pictures

PLEASANT SHOCK

To my surprise I found myself enjoying most of *Don't Take it to Heart* (Director: JEFFREY DELL). This may seem an ungracious way of putting it, but the fact is that a bald outline of the facts about this film is not calculated to make one hopeful. I was not expecting much from what I knew was a piece of British-made whimsy about an impoverished earl with a beautiful daughter and a castle haunted by the ghost of one of his ancestors. I can think of several ways, all typically British and very popular with film-makers, in which such a story could have been made into ninety minutes of arch, self-conscious, overrefined, irritating tedium. But Mr. DELL (who also wrote the script) has contrived, while still keeping within the framework of the conventional British film comedy-romance (with its favourite moral, "We may be absurd but we're thoroughly nice people"), to make it fresh, bright, funny and even in places—astounding innovation!—fast. The admirable speed of one or two of the early sequences, with their beautifully pointed accompanying music (synchronized for comic effect, not merely bread-and-butter background stuff), is a stimulus and a delight, and it is, I repeat, more than experienced filmgoers would ever have hoped for.

I don't want to be disproportionately enthusiastic about this picture and lead you to expect too much: the later part is often slow, the love scenes are a little uneasy, there are several too-obvious laughs. But it is full of good playing, there are some genuinely funny lines and visual effects (that following of the impulse through the mechanism of the door-bell is an excellent crescendo passage), and considered as a whole it is cheerful and rewarding entertainment.

Till We Meet Again
(Director: FRANK BORZAGE)

is one of the more improbable stories of pursuit by the Gestapo through a part of occupied Europe—in this instance, France. The basic idea—that a girl who knows nothing of the dangers of spying

should take over at short notice the job of a member of the underground, posing as the wife of a man she has just seen for the first time—is a variant of the good old standby situation for precipitating a romance;

but here they don't want to precipitate the romance, or at least the idea is to jerk a few tears from the simpler members of the audience by checking it—for the man is happily married, and the girl is a nun, and gets killed. You perceive the enormous additional improbability that such a girl could even begin to deceive the Gestapo; in a convent from the age of eight, she has to be told which finger to put her wedding-ring on, and she will not even lean back in a seat until someone else makes the suggestion. But of course the Gestapo is successfully deceived for long enough to let the man—an American airman, played by RAY MILLAND—get out of the country with the secret plans or whatever it is (I forget).

In fact the picture is a bit dull and gloomy, though most of the scenes of suspense, improbabilities notwithstanding, are no less effective than usual. In a pursuit story there are always moments of suspense that nothing seems to be able to spoil. BARBARA BRITTON looks beautiful as the girl, Mr.

MILLAND walks resourcefully through the part of the airman, and there are several good small-part players.

Why a picture shown in the U.S. under the title of *Mr. Winkle Goes to War* should on exhibition here be called *Arms and the Woman* (Director: ALFRED E. GREEN), a name that bears practically no reference to what it is about, is not easy to understand. "The woman" (RUTH WARRICK) is comparatively unimportant in the fable; most of the story concerns the troubles, and eventual (of course) triumph, of an "over-forty" in the U.S. Army. EDWARD G. ROBINSON makes the old familiar incidents entertaining enough. R. M.

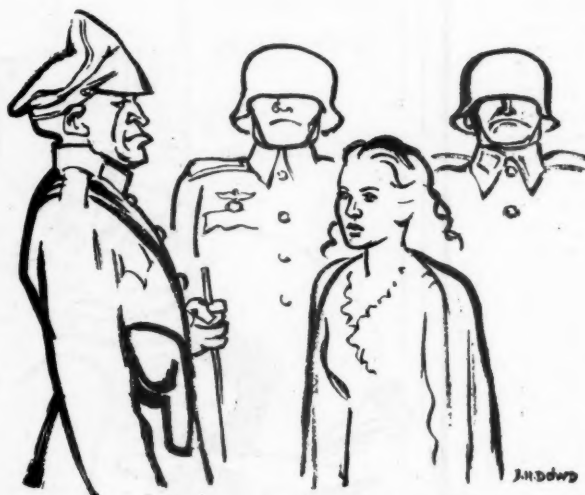


J.M.D.

[Don't Take it to Heart]

BUTLER'S TRAVELS

Butler EDWARD RIGBY



J.M.D.W.

[Till We Meet Again]

HERE THEY ARE AGAIN.

Major Krupp KONSTANTIN SHAYNE
Sister Clotilde BARBARA BRITTON

"My daily fellow-passenger and I—I think we've come to know each other quite a lot better in the last five years: we've seen each other's reactions—"

Passenger



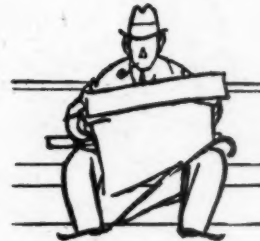
to the start of the war—



to Dunkirk—



to the Battle of Britain—



and to Crete—



to Singapore—



and to Stalingrad—



to Tobruk—



and El Alamein—



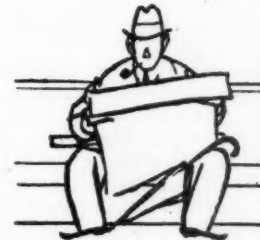
to Salerno—



and the Normandy landings—



to the flying bombs—



and the freeing of France:



*it's really a pity we can't
sort of tell one another—*



*that we sort of agree with
one another—*



*but of course that would
be sort of—*



hysterical and unBritish."



"Have you something like this in bone?"

Grocers

I SHALL begin this article with the bold statement that of all shopkeepers grocers mean the most to mankind, as is proved by their present grip on its ration-books, and also by the fact that we have only to shut our eyes and think of the word "shop-door" to see what is undoubtedly a grocer's shop-door.

The door of a grocer's shop is really two doors. The right-hand door has a lever-shaped handle which we press down, following with a sharp push. If the door opens, then everything is all right. If it does not, then it is the grocer's lunch-time, or the end of his day, and no amount of jabbing at the handle will affect his decision. Both left and right-hand doors have glass panels through which those outside can see those inside the shop. If there is no one in the shop at all, then the shop is shut. If only the grocer and his assistants can be seen, the shop has probably just been shut. These glass panels are put there, in fact, to soften the shock by warning customers what to expect. They are not there to make hopeful faces at the grocer through, psychologists tell us; adding that it would be psychologically very disappointing if that was not what they were sometimes used for.

There is always an advertisement stuck on the glass part of a grocer's shop-door, and it is for soap or some meat-extract, and is in red and yellow. These colours also predominate in the shop-window, which is not so much an indication of what is inside the shop as a kind of essay on grocers. At least that is how the public takes it. You do not see people looking at a shop-window so much as brooding over it, with that lack of focus which means they are spiritually somewhere else. Psychologists tell us they are back in their own kitchens trying to remember what they have to remember before they forget to ask for it.

All the same, grocers' shop-windows are always arranged very cleverly, with everything piled on everything else; or, as the sceptical like to think, glued. A grocer's public is divided into those who think everything they see is real and those who think everything is a dummy, so that it is always a nice surprise for a sceptic to be handed a tin of soup from the pile on the counter.

I must say a word about these piles of soup-tins and other tins on the counter. Each pile is so tidy and goes up so high that if the public thinks about one long enough it concludes that every grocer goes through a tin-building course, or at least gets a book of rules. Also if the public looks at a pile of tins long enough it has a dreadful yearning to pull a tin from the bottom row. Psychologists say this is only to be expected of human nature, and it does not matter so long as we do not actually do anything about it. As for why tins and cereal packets are always piled up like this in all grocers' shops, some psychologists offer rather abstruse explanations about art being form, or the arrangement of component parts into an inevitable whole, while others just say that anyone with a lot of tins and packets to play with would do the same.

Apart from the piles of tins, one of the main features of a grocer's shop is that it is divided into watertight compartments: bacon, butter and so on having nothing to do with the rest of the shop, and bits of the rest of the shop sometimes having nothing to do with each other. Most customers know fairly well by now that you do not ask for coffee when standing by the bacon-cutter, but there are intermediate traps like dried eggs, which customers have only to ask for from the curry-powder bit of the counter to realize at once that they knew all the time they should have stayed by the fats and have now lost their place in a queue. A queue in a grocer's shop means more, weight for weight, than a queue in any other shop, owing to each member's potential ration-drawing power; but there is a strong moral force about a grocer's queue, because any queuers getting annoyed at the time the queuer in front is taking have only to think of the time they themselves will take to feel instantly humbled and start sending advance waves of apology to the queuers behind. Thus every grocer's shop generates an atmosphere of collective goodwill of which any dog present is likely to reap the benefit as, I think, no dog in any other shop reaps it. It is no uncommon experience for a dog to be called a good dog by as many as three different people at three different counters, sometimes even by the same three people each time. As for those incipient

WE pray that it may not be long before a European tyranny worse than Napoleon's crashes to its doom and we can look back at the time when Britain alone barred the way to the evil hordes and say again with

WILLIAM PITT

"England has saved herself by her exertions and Europe by her example.

We do not know how far distant that day is; but we do know that the needs of the Fighting Forces are greater than ever. They need everything we can give. Have you given all you can spare to PUNCH COMFORTS FUND? Every penny means that some fighting man somewhere can have more of the small comforts that mean so much. Send to-day to PUNCH COMFORTS FUND, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940



SIECS

"I suppose that'll mean white ties."

dog-scuffles which blow up in grocers' shops, this is only because dogs keep changing sides in a grocer's shop, and, knowing nothing of what is going on up above, get the idea that any dog on the wrong side is an enemy.

As we are all liable to spend a fair amount of time standing about in any grocer's shop nowadays, I want to mention some of the things to look for. One is the biscuits. I do not mean the biscuits for sale, but the biscuits under glass along the edge of the counter. Probably before the war those who saw these biscuits either thought trustingly that they were the top biscuits of a tinful, or told themselves cynically that they were dummy biscuits glued to red crinkly paper. Nowadays these biscuits are accepted by one and all as a kind of free museum. The most careful examination possible without looking silly to the other customers has convinced the public that they are real biscuits, but glued, and this makes them all the more interesting. Apart from the excitement of the biscuits themselves, the public has the satisfaction, when it sees the sort of biscuit-packing it used to get, of realizing how much fuss used to be made of it. Nothing else in a grocer's shop quite approaches the biscuits as a free show, but the public likes to read the advertisements written along the shelves and try to find the thing they advertise among the tins and bottles on the shelves. This is not so easy as it sounds. Indeed it is quite extraordinarily difficult to find anything you are looking for on a shelf, as customers will remember if they have ever tried to be helpful when the grocer is searching for the paprika; all that can be contributed is encouragement. Another thing to notice is the kind of chair you see in all grocers' shops. It is the kind with a looped back and a perforated wooden seat. If any of my readers can recall having seen any other kind, then they can congratulate themselves on being almost priggishly observant.

Now I must say a bit about the grocers themselves. To the customers the people behind a grocer's counter have

always been cleverer than the people behind any other, because there is so much to grapple with. But nowadays, with ration-books, the public sees its grocer as a mixture of the Government and Providence; as tough a mixture, say psychologists, as the public has ever assigned to anyone. It is therefore small wonder that when grocers add up the prices by writing them on a blank bit of the cornflake packet, the customers regard it as a kindly piece of condescension and never fail to get a certain amount of simple pleasure afterwards from noticing that the figures are still on the packet just as the grocer wrote them. Other characteristic habits of grocers are to disappear into the back of the shop suddenly and return with a crate of something, thus making whoever caused all the trouble feel dreadfully anti-social; to hover carefully over the cheese before they bring the wire down, but always to have to add an extra piece, exactly the size of an extra piece, to get it right; to wear very short pencils behind their right ears, and to be what the queuer behind the customer thinks is rather over-courteous in trying to guess the customer's favourite jam. It is a strange truth, by the way, that the public is utterly incapable of choosing its jam without being prompted. Psychologists are not sure why, but think it has something to do with the irrevocability of jam nowadays. Other characteristic habits of customers in grocers' shops are shopping lists, a tendency to point at things, another tendency to leave the coffee behind, and most characteristic of all—a furtive gratitude for matches.

o o

Things That Might Have Been Better Expressed

From a letter to collectors after a flag day:

"Acknowledgment cards are being posted with as little delay as possible to individual collectors, to all of whom we are deeply indebted, except in certain special cases which are being dealt with in another way."



IONICUS



"... now 'ere we 'ad a saying, 'all ship-shape'; but it seems to 'ave lost its meaning lately."

Il Penseroso

... Or let my cold feet never tire
To seek the ineffectual fire,
Such as the spartan *George* allows
To light and chear the wintry house,
And dying ashes through the room
Dispense a dark, inspissate gloom;
There, wrapt in thought, and free from harm,
Teche mind to keep the body warm,
While booming from his distant towre
Unquiet *Ben* tolls out the hour,
And measur'd accents, smooth and slow,
Pour out the ev'ning tale of wo,
What troops, from land and air, combine
To menace all the fatefull *Rhine*,
Or what besides from see to see
Leads on victorious Tragedy.
Soe pensive sit and patient wait
Till the great *Joad* begins his state,
And *Barbara* or *Campbell* bold
Such philosophick thoughts unfold
That *Plato's* self would lift his head
Where coucht in soft *Elysian* bed

He catches those terrestrial tones
Which win the ear of *Smith* and *Jones*.
Thus spent the *Brains*, I streit rejoice
To hear the mighty organ's voice,
If *Thalben* woo the iv'ry keys
To sweet and solemn harmonies
That ekkoing spread melodious sound
Gravely my list'ning room around.
Soe let the darknes hist along
The sad, mechanick evensong
Soft upon the chilly air,
With saintly hymn and tranquil pray'r;
Last (if the hasting hour permit)
With calm and waiting mind I sit,
What time som mincing voice sets free
The modern soul of poesie,
In accents harsh and halting feet
Where Rhyme and Resoun seldom meet;
Till the mute Silence, still and grave,
Unsyllable th' electrick wave,
And Sleep her quiet spel hath cast
Gently o're my eyes at last. . . .



DELIVERANCE

Impressions of Parliament

Business Done

Tuesday, October 17th.—House of Commons: Welsh Day.

Wednesday, October 18th.—House of Commons: Good Things to Come.

Thursday, October 19th.—House of Commons: More Post-War Planning.

Tuesday, October 17th.—Miss MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE has missed her vocation. She ought to have been the conductor of a great orchestra. To-day Wales had its first full "day" in the House of Commons in the four hundred years Welsh M.P.s have been sitting there. And what a day it was!

Miss MEGAN is Chairman of the Welsh Parliamentary Party, and it was natural that she should open the debate. Possibly from motives of delicacy—of not wanting to intrude on private family matters—non-Welsh M.P.s began to drift out as soon as questions were over and the Welsh Day proper began. But once it was noticed that the star speaker was Miss LLOYD GEORGE, the drift ceased, and she had an attentive audience.

It was a forceful speech, and one showing a deep knowledge of the many subjects on which she touched.

But it was her handling of the Governmental Orchestra on the Front Bench that fascinated onlookers. There the Ministers sat, in a row, pads and pencils on knees. The fact that the honourable lady's brother, Major GWILYM, the Minister of Fuel and Power, was prominent among them added (as the social columnists say) piquancy to the situation.

The conductor showed no favouritism. When it was the turn of the Minister of Fuel and Power to jump to it—jump to it he did, and no nonsense.

Said Miss MEGAN: "I hope something will be done for the Welsh coal industry." The Major seized his pencil, sawed away at his notes as devotedly as any First Violin. This "Right Honourable Friend"—as she carefully and correctly called him—having done his bit, he was allowed to sit back and relax. Next came Mr. HUGH DALTON, President of the Board of Trade, who wrote so furiously that he broke his pencil.

Mr. ROBERT HUDSON, Minister of Agriculture, performed a magnificent

solo with pencil and pad, and the grand finale was a unison bit by the massed Treasury Bench. To a tremendous ovation, the conductor (or is it conductress?) stepped down. Her performance as a conductor had been so good that one had almost forgotten that she had also played the chief solo part. But it was a brilliant effort, and one which made it worth while to wait four hundred years to hear.

Incidentally she spoke for rather less than one minute for every ten years—an example other M.P.s (including some Welsh Members) might emulate.



WALES'S DAY

MISS MEGAN LLOYD GEORGE

It was a serious and well-phrased plea for the people and the industries of Wales, a demand for quick and decisive action to ensure that the war, in which Wales and the Welsh have played their distinguished parts, shall not have been fought in vain. "It is the Welsh way of life that we are determined to see maintained in the period of reconstruction after the war," said she—and even the English, Scots and Irish cheered.

The supporting programme (as the cinemas put it) was interesting, but rather overshadowed by the star. Mr. ROBERT HUDSON promised to do his best for Wales, and so did Mr. DALTON.

In the year 2345—when the next

Welsh Day is due in the Commons—a statement of progress will probably be demanded. Or perhaps by then there will be an *English* Day in a *Welsh* Parliament!

Before the debate began the House went all epigrammatic, not to say dogmatic.

Your scribe gathered this selection of Parliamentary pearls:—

Sir JAMES GRIGG: I am willing to back the efficiency of the War Office against any business establishment.

Sir HERBERT WILLIAMS: Could we have a Secretary of State for White Papers?

Mr. GEORGE TOMLINSON: There is always hope.

Sir JOHN ANDERSON: I think the honourable Member should have a little more faith in the efficiency of our income-tax collecting arrangements.

Mr. DE LA BERE: There are many things that want removing.

Sir ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR: The new Minister of Civil Aviation was not consulted about civil aviation policy, as set out in the Government's White Paper.

Mr. ATLEE: There is no intention to rush the House.

These varied offerings were received with what the old-time newspapers described as (Laughter), (Loud laughter), (Cries of "Oh!") and just dumb astonishment. Which got which is left to gentle readers to decide.

Wednesday, October 18th.—Unsuspecting that good news was just around the corner—or to be more precise just behind the SPEAKER'S Chair—Members sat lethargically through Question-time today. Not one could raise a bright supplementary or even be bothered to bait a Minister.

But behind the SPEAKER'S Chair Col. LLEWELLIN, the Food Minister, was metaphorically donning long bushy whiskers, a red cloak and hood, to appear in the unexpected rôle of Santa Claus.

Out of his "sack" Col. Santa LLEWELLIN pulled a long list of tasty news items—an extra half pound of sweets for every child at Christmas, more Christmas margarine, sugar, and meat, more oranges, more dates. The sleeper and hungrier among his audience rubbed their eyes, licked their lips, wondering how many more morsels were to be dangled temptingly before them by the broadly grinning Minister. There was one more, of



"Henry, pull up the drawbridge—here's the billeting officer again!"

greater importance perhaps than all the rest—a permanent extra ounce of tea for all those over 70 years of age.

The thirsty Members looked hopefully towards the "sack," grateful for the promise of half a bottle of whisky—or even a nip, for that matter. Through parched lips Captain MACDONALD timidly asked the Minister if he would consider increasing the amount of beer and spirits. But, the day's good deed over, the Minister tied up the neck of the "sack" and made no rash promises.

Not to be outdone, Mr. GODFREY NICHOLSON asked: "In your new-found rôle of Father Christmas will you also remember that part of your cargo should contain toys as well as sweets?"

Regarding discretion as the better part of valour, Col. LLEWELLIN muttered something inaudible into the long bushy whiskers, and rushed outside to his reindeer and sleigh to be whisked away to his hide-out in London, W.1.

Their appetites now thoroughly whetted, Members fired food and drink questions at almost every Minister who popped up.

A major-general, Sir ALFRED KNOX, queried the Air Minister about the half-bottle-a-week beer ration of the R.A.F. in Italy.

Commander LOCKER-LAMPSON inquired plaintively of the Colonial Secretary: "When will the banana appear in England again?"

And even the Church, represented by Dr. LITTLE, chimed in with a demand for ice-cream for Northern Ireland. In all, an appetizing day.

Thursday, October 19th.—Notable chiefly for reappearance of Mr. HARCOURT JOHNSTONE, Overseas Trade Secretary, whose entry was greeted by cheers that even Mr. CHURCHILL would have envied after a Three-Power conference. His particular "pigeon"—looking after export trade—was killed by the war. His re-entry to-day was a harbinger of peace. Members then got down to the serious business of Town and Country Planning.

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this paper should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export.

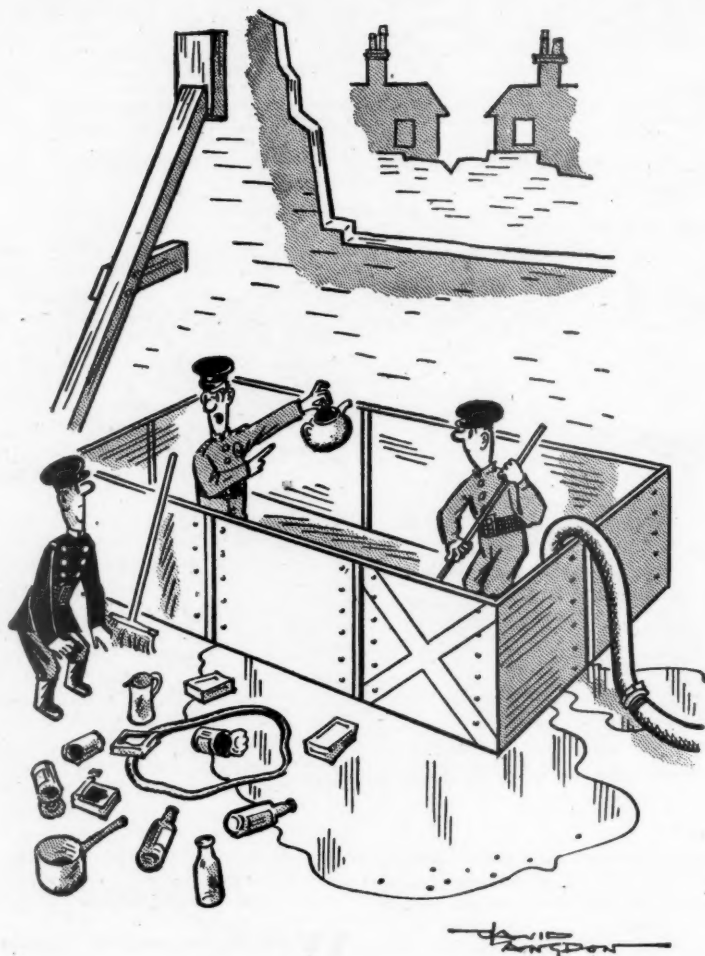
To Maria

WHEN the war is over and done with,
And what is still to be has been,
I shall look forward to seeing you, my friend,
With a face less green.

Five years ago it was circular
And, like a baby mushroom, pink.
There were no beetles then on your brow,
And almost no ink.

Among the many things Hitler has done
Which have signally failed to please
Is the metamorphosis of your face,
Maria,
Into a green cheese. V. G.

"LEAGUE TO GIVE SOCIAL FUNCTIONS
NEW STATUS"
Heading in "Daily Herald."
Congress dances?



"And this, for example: how the devil did THIS get in here, I wonder."

Sergeant Munchausen

... Thanks, chum! Mine's a pint ... Well, as I was saying, we had some proper fine old times in the early part of the war. We were flying Whitleys then—crew of five—skipper, second pilot, navigator-bomb-aimer, wireless operator, and me, the Tail-end Charlie. ... The ragtime crew they called us on the 'drome, but that was mostly our navigator's fault. Casual he was. For ever getting us lost. We used to say that fellow could lose his way trying to get out of a telephone-booth.

How on earth he kept his job still beats me. Why, when we went out

night-bombing, sometimes we bombed the right place and sometimes we bombed the wrong place because the navigator had got us there instead, and sometimes we wouldn't know what place we'd bombed, except that it was where our navigator had got us to.

And as for getting us home again—phew! At one time or another we must have landed at every 'drome in England. I remember wunst we was lost as per usual and nearly out of juice somewhere over England on a pitch-black night, looking for a place to land. Suddenly the navigator spots a

flare-path below. "There we are at last!" he says, and tells the skipper to put down. The skipper didn't like the look of it because the flare-path lights were all green ones. However, he went at it, but just as he was coming in, those flare-path lights all changed to amber and then red and we pulled out in time. We'd been about to land in Grantham High Street. 'S a fact! Strictruth I'm telling you.

I remember wunst another time when we actually had to force-land. We'd been bombing some town or other—we never did know which but the wireless op. said he was fairly certain it was a German one because the flak was on the whole a little nearer than that at Margate or Harwich. Well, we'd been forty minutes on course for home when the navigator discovered we were flying on a reciprocal track. Meaning we were on an East-West line all right, but unfortunately going east instead of west. Casual, our navigator was. A hundred and eighty degrees was nothing to him.

So we turned round and started for home properly, but by then it was touch and go whether we'd make it. At last the juice gave out and down we began to come. The navigator reckoned it was the tail end of Holland or Belgium. We landed in a field and at once streaked off, so as not to get taken prisoner, the skipper just staying long enough to set the aircraft alight. We went through a wood and came out suddenly on to a road, and the first thing we saw by the light of the burning crate was a pub called "The Maid of Kent." 'S a fact. Strictruth I'm telling you. ... Thanks, I'll have another pint. ...

I remember wunst another time when we had to ditch. That was a queer do. Navigator had got lost and we'd run out of gravy, all as usual, and down we had to come. The skipper hoped it'd be in the drink because it was softer than the land, and I hoped it'd be land because I couldn't swim. As it turned out it was half and half. We ditched into water, but it must have been very close to land because the old kite didn't sink far. In fact there was the back part of her sticking up out of the water and on it the five of us like a bunch of monkeys.

"Where do you think we are?" says the skipper.

"In the drink," says the navigator.

"I didn't ask *where* we were, fathead," says the skipper. "I said where do you *think* we are. Coast of Kent, or Sussex?"

"Or Lancashire?" I says, being funny.

"We wouldn't have had the petrol

to get as far as that," says the second dickie, taking it seriously.

"Maybe it's still the Dutch coast?" says the wireless op.

"It'll soon be dawn," says the navigator, "and perhaps we'll see landmarks."

Well, it gets lighter, but no landmarks because there's a mist and visibility is about fifty yards. But suddenly we hear a dog barking and realize that the shore can't be far off, so after a bit of an argument between the second dickie and the navigator as to whether the dog is barking in English or Dutch, and I've been told off for suggesting it's barking with a Lancashire accent, the skipper says he's sick of sitting on the knobby end of an aircraft and he'll swim to land and get help.

So he strips off all his clothes and we wish him luck and the navigator orders boiled eggs for breakfast and he swims off into the mist.

Well, nothing happens and at last the navigator says he wants to make certain about those eggs and so he strips and swims for shore. And once more nothing happens, though the mist seems to be thinning a little. So the second pilot strips and goes off into the great unknown—and still nothing.

So the wireless op. and me toss up who shall go next. I cop for it, but he has to go, because I can't swim.

So off he goes and I'm left all alone, and again nothing happens. No rescue, nothing.

I'm just binding away good and proper at the four of 'em when the mist lifts and I see the shore, about a hundred yards away. And then I see it again a hundred yards away on the other side, and London spread all round it, because, believe it or not, we've come down in Hyde Park, bang in the middle of the Serpentine. . . .

I get rescued pretty soon after that and when I meet the other four—in blankets and the police station—I start in on them proper for not sending help. But do you know why? No one would believe their story—and as they came ashore one by one they'd been arrested for bathing without costumes. 'S a fact! Strictruth I'm telling you.

Thanks. The same again. Now I remember wunst another time when we . . .

A. A.

The Personality Boys

"It will carry a crew of two of Himmler's recently founded S.S. Air Force. Each weighs 10 times as much as a flying bomb."

Sunday paper.

" . . . Or but a Wandering Voice?"

1

DMH(3)

YOUR attention is requested in reference to the enclosure at 2A in this file. It would appear that the claimant is not unreasonable in requiring that the clock, cuckoo, hitherto loaned by him to the concerned Officers' Mess, shall be returned to him in a state of repair at least equal to that prevailing at the time of the chronometer's initial loaning.

1. As to whether the sum justifiably expendable to this end should be borne by the concerned Officers' Mess or by the appropriate fund of this Department, and as to whether the assessment of the amount of such expenditure should be agreed at the claimant's figure of four pounds (£4) or should be reassessed by the representative of a reputable firm of horologists, it is requested that your views be minuted hereon.

WF(9)b

11.9.44

W. LONG.

2

WF(9)b

11.9.44

I should pay the £4.

DMH(3)

11.9.44

H. BLUNT.

3

DMH(3)

With further reference to enclosure at 2A in this file, to this Department's minute 1 above and your minute 2 above, it is noted that it is your decision that the cost of repair to the clock, cuckoo, should be borne on the appropriate fund of this Department, and it is further noted that you are opposed to the obtaining of a second and unbiased estimate by a reputable and qualified assessor.

2. It is pointed out by this Department, however, that the obtaining of such an estimate might well prove beneficial in effecting some economy in expenditure, even taking into consideration any fee which might become due to the concerned assessor. It is requested, therefore, that, due consideration having been given to this possibility, this Department may be advised whether you wish to revise and/or reverse the decision as stated in your minute 2 above.

WF(9)b

14.10.44

W. LONG.

4

WF(9)b

No.

2. Please respect P.M.'s wishes about economy of words.

DMH(3)

14.10.44

H. BLUNT.

5

DMH(3)

Your reaffirmed decision to authorize payment of the sum of four pounds (£4) from this Department's appropriate fund for the repair of the clock, cuckoo, damaged during its period of loan to the concerned Officers' Mess is noted.

2. It is assumed by this Department that the other relevant factors in this case, such as the claim by the Officer Commanding the concerned Unit (at enclosure 3A in this file) in which he states that the chiming or bird-calling mechanism in the concerned clock, cuckoo, was already at fault at the time of the chronometer's initial loan to the concerned Mess, rendering it effective from a visual viewpoint only, and further states that neither the concerned Mess nor this Department can properly be held responsible for such fault, have been taken into full consideration by you in arriving at the decision stated at your minute 2 above and reaffirmed at your minute 4 above.

3. In reference to your allusion to the Prime Minister's instruction of August 1940, concerning brevity in inter-Departmental correspondence, this Department would say that it is not considered that the Prime Minister would wish the efficiency of this or any other Department to be impaired by rigid adherence to such instructions in circumstances where they patently fail of application.

4. Notification is requested to the effect that on the implementation of your Department's decision at minute 2 above this case may be considered closed.

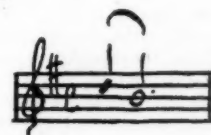
WF(9)b

16.10.44

W. LONG.

6

WF(9)b



DMH(3)

16.10.44

H. BLUNT.

J. B. B.

At the Play

"THE CIRCLE"; "HAMLET"
(HAYMARKET)

THE calendar has been put back at Aston-Adey, Dorset show-place where *Arnold Champion-Cheney, M.P.*, keeps his state, his wife *Elizabeth* yearns for escape, and his father *Clive*, that "downy old bird," ponders his epigrams in a cottage in the grounds. It is now the year 1912, which helps the costume-designer and gives to the play some of the pleasant dignity of a period piece. Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM's comedy has long been running in the inner circle of modern classics. To-day, well reproduced by Mr. WILLIAM ARMSTRONG, it returns to the theatre of its noisy première (back in 1921), where it shares the laurels of the new Gielgud repertory season with *Hamlet* and a restoration of *Love for Love*.

It merits the honour. None of MAUGHAM's always shapely plays is more wittily-pointed than this tale of elopement—without rope-ladder and conscious moon, but with a car in the drive and two veterans of thirty years' experience to speed the departure. Miss YVONNE ARNAUD, thinly disguised as *Lady Kitty*—a capital piece of Arnauderie, though hardly MAUGHAM's creation—sports dolphin-like in the early scenes and touches pathos towards the close. Mr. LESLIE BANKS, pettishly irascible, revels in *Porteous*, her fellow-exile of thirty years.

As *Champion-Cheney* senior, once faced like his son with a failure in marriage, Mr. CECIL TROUNCER is rather too vigorous: we recognize his acute sense of comedy, but here he is sometimes out of key. Mr. GIELGUD's study of *Arnold*, surely his party's icicle, is mercilessly exact. "There is nothing more unbecoming a man of quality than to laugh," says Congreve's *Lord Froth*, and *Arnold* would seem to agree. Finally, Miss ROSALIE CRUTCHLEY plays *Elizabeth* with an effortlessness that at present her ardent *Teddy* (Mr. PATRICK CREAN) cannot match.

The latest production of *Hamlet*,

by Mr. GEORGE RYLANDS, preserves a very full text, holds to the point, and never leaves us darkling. Few who see Mr. GIELGUD in the part can be other than friends to this ground and liegemen to the Dane. The performance has now an added clarity and strength. Again we have passion and fantasy, the tenderness of the homage to *Horatio*, the flashing stream of speech—qualities which have long made of Mr. GIELGUD's *Hamlet* the expectancy and rose of the fair

sage beard, the suddenly flawed crystal of Miss PEGGY ASHCROFT's *Ophelia*, Mr. TROUNCER's grandly transpontine *Player King*, and Miss MARIAN SPENCER's *Gertrude* who is the image of a "confiding female." Mr. LEON QUARTERMAINE is a redoubtable phantom, and Mr. MAX ADRIAN makes much of even the flickering marsh-light of *Rosencrantz*. Neither *Horatio* nor *Laertes* is conspicuous, and we should welcome a more impressive *Fortinbras* to speak the valediction.

But on the production as a whole, the Ayes have it: this is *Hamlet* indeed.

J. C. T.



TIMES CHANGE, AND WE DON'T CHANGE WITH THEM.

<i>Lord Porteous</i>	MR. LESLIE BANKS
<i>Elizabeth</i>	MISS ROSALIE CRUTCHLEY
<i>Lady Catherine Champion-Cheney</i>	MISS YVONNE ARNAUD
<i>Edward Luton</i>	MR. PATRICK CREAN

state. (This, it will be noted, is no Black Prince for ever in the suits of woe.) In the new and fully-matured performance, youthful horror has been sharpened into a bitter loathing. From his first words to the death upon the throne when *Horatio*, as a last loyal service, places the crown of Denmark in *Hamlet's* grasp, Mr. GIELGUD keeps excitement kindled. Now and then he might modify his antic disposition. But the point is as small as the achievement is great.

The revival possesses a bold (if almost too likeable) *Claudius* in Mr. BANKS, the loyal and ancient *Polonius* of Mr. MILES MALLESON wagging a

"HAPPY AND GLORIOUS"
(PALLADIUM)

It is not advisable to be late for the Palladium revue. Mr. TOMMY TRINDER, whose eyesight can pierce a flight of stairs and a deal door, may follow your faltering progress and remark upon it crisply: the comedian is scourge as well as jester. Happily he has so much to say about life in general, and his own in particular, that he has little time for genial bullying. His turn, offered in calm confidence, has always been a personal column, a short guide to Mr. TRINDER: now he adds a withering appendix on the art of Mr. Sinatra, "crooning through the coo." Mr. TRINDER, in the title of the old play, is London assurance. He does not glide shyly down a side street; rather his habit is to choose the middle of a broad road, certain that his hearers will follow to the last. The revue-cum-variety bill, taking its line from the comedian, is a good-tempered brassy affair. The clowning CAIROLI BROTHERS resume their fraternal eccentricities—how appealing is the gaze of the man in the bowler hat!—Dagenham's girl pipers assure us that their hearts are in the Highlands, and Miss ELISABETH WELCH lends a kind of happy fury to her song about the wisdom of Solomon.

J. C. T.

"Sometimes when you are ill doctors cut bits out of you to make you well again. This is called sugary."—*Schoolboy's essay.*

Not by us.

The Explanation

"ER—weren't you a Flight-Lieutenant yesterday?"

"Yes."

"And you're a Flying Officer today?"

"Yes."

"What have you been doing?"

"Nothing."

"Just slacking?"

"No. When I say nothing, I mean nothing wrong."

"Why have you gone down then?"

"Well, it's all a matter of establishment."

"Of what?"

"Establishment."

"How? What sort of establishment?"

"For every job there is a certain fixed establishment. In mine the establishment is for three Flight-Lieutenants."

"Then why aren't you still a Flight-Lieutenant?"

"Because there were too many. Our establishment is held by Flight-Lieutenants Smith, Jones and Robinson."

"Oh. I think I see. Then you're now filling a what-do-you-call-it for a Flying Officer, are you?"

"No."

"But you *are* a Flying Officer, aren't you?"

"Yes."

"I give it up. You must have done something wrong."

"No, I haven't. You see, I'm supernumerary."

"Come again?"

"I'm over and above establishment."

"Then what are you doing? Just waiting for an establishment?"

"I'm doing the same job as Smith, Jones and Robinson."

"How can you be doing their job? What are they doing?"

"They're doing it too."

"What about that other officer you told me about? Squadron Leader What's-his-name. What's he doing?"

"The same job."

"If it's a job for a Flight-Lieutenant, why don't they demote him?"

"They can't."

"Why not?"

"He's temporary."

"Sounds to me a very good reason for bringing him down."

"Oh, no. You can't demote anyone who's temporary."

"I suppose it's no good asking you why not?"

"None whatever."



"When will Joyce be old enough to wear trousers, Mummy?"

"Are Smith, Jones and Robinson temporary?"

"No."

"Then why didn't they pull down one of them instead of you?"

"They're war substantive."

"And a war substantive, whatever that may mean, cannot be demoted?"

"No."

"Then what were you if you were not temporary or war substantive?"

"I was acting."

"I see. So you're acting, are you?"

"No, I'm war substantive."

"But you've just told me you were acting."

"I was acting. I'm now war substantive. Is that quite clear?"

"Clear as mud."

o o

"Black-out restrictions on all passengers carrying aircraft plying between Eire and Britain have now been removed."

Scottish paper.

They have enough on their shoulders already.



"Letters, postcards—ain't never 'eard of a ruddy telephone, I don't suppose."

Our Booking-Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

In the Cause of Friendship

Harriet and Mary, which is published by THE GOLDEN COCKEREL PRESS at three guineas, is the second volume in the Shelley trilogy edited by Mr. WALTER SIDNEY SCOTT. As was clear in the first volume, which appeared in April, Mr. SCOTT is a whole-hearted champion of Thomas Jefferson Hogg, Shelley's greatest friend at Oxford and during the period before he left for Italy. In this second volume, which consists of a number of hitherto unpublished letters to Hogg from Shelley and from Shelley's second wife, Mary Godwin, Mr. SCOTT continues to battle for his view that Hogg was a "noble and generous-hearted man . . . who suffered intensely, and gladly, in the cause of friendship." The letters he gives from Shelley to Hogg are chiefly concerned with what happened at York between Hogg and Harriet during Shelley's absence in Sussex. As Shelley assures Hogg in one of these letters that he "attaches little value to the monopoly of exclusive cohabitation," and bases his objection to Hogg's love-making on the pain he assumes it must have caused Harriet, one may agree with one of Shelley's biographers that Hogg was guilty of "nothing worse than indiscretion, weakness, insincerity, imbecility." But it is rather surprising that Mr. SCOTT should endorse this formidable deduction from his view of Hogg as a paladin of friendship. When, in the very interesting second half of this volume, Mr. SCOTT comes to the letters written to Hogg by Shelley's second wife, he admits that he was greatly tempted to leave them without comment. Such comments as he does make are of a contradictory kind. The letters, he says at one moment, certainly suggest a real affair between Hogg and Mary Shelley; at another moment he finds that they point to nothing but a mild flirtation. Since in one of them Mary asks Hogg to give her time "for that love to spring up which you deserve and will one day have," Mr. SCOTT would have been on stronger ground if instead of advancing the flirtation theory he had argued that Hogg could hardly

be expected to hold out against Shelley as well as Mary, for he gives a letter in which Shelley invites Hogg to his house to resume his participation in their common treasure. Even so, it is difficult to see how, when or where Hogg suffered intensely in the cause of his friendship with Shelley, who, if a little restive about Harriet, was more than amiable about Mary, left Hogg two thousand pounds, and by falling in love with Jane Williams drew Hogg's attention to the woman who became his wife. H. K.

Poor Players

A particularly well-documented nightmare, *The Trojan Brothers* (JOSEPH, 9/6) contrasts an honest sphere of make-believe with a dishonest sphere of fact. *Sid Nichols* and *Benny Castelli* are the hind and fore legs (respectively) of a horse, which, under the inspired convoy of *Miss Maggie*—in private life *Mrs. Benny Castelli* and an ex-schoolmistress—is a popular music-hall turn. The partnership has endured for ten years, when the hind legs, insulting the public with Gallic freedom, discovers (and insults) a long-lost cousin in a box. This is *Bett Todd*, who has risen from the stage underworld as the tardily legalized partner of something-in-the-city. *Mrs. Todd* discovers an insatiable appetite for *Sid*, who off the stage is a serious and insoluble widower; and it is obvious that the interpenetration of these two domains of fantasy and crude appetite depends on the adequacy of the harpy. *Mrs. Todd*, however, is, as one of the onlookers remarks, "the only entirely incomprehensible character in the whole affair." Miss PAMELA HANSFORD JOHNSON is at her happiest painting those vivid little groups of theatrical and domestic still life that symbolize the aspirations of *Sid* and *Benny*. The tornado which sweeps these pleasant trifles away strikes one as being ill adapted to the technique of this particular kind of novel.

H. P. E.

The Buffalo Trail

Perhaps no more eloquent testimony can be found to the change which a hundred years have wrought on the Western prairies than those forsaken trails, marked here and there by a bleached and mouldering skull, along which the multitudes of the buffalo used to move in their seasonal migrations, before the coming of the railways and the white settlers. The new era was just opening when FRANCIS PARKMAN, the historian of the Indian wars, set out on the journey described in *The Oregon Trail* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS, 8/6), his primary object being to obtain first-hand knowledge of Indian life and character. Other matters, however, came within his purview: Mormons, trappers, English adventurers, and traders move across his pages, and there are many exciting accounts of buffalo hunts and incidents by the way, which give the book all the variety and colour of a picaresque romance. The signs of coming change were already evident: "In a few years," writes PARKMAN, "its danger and its charm will have disappeared together." But in his day the West was still the Wild West, its plains black with buffalo, and the traveller might still taste the fearful joy of knowing that he went in hourly risk of the Indian scalping-knife. The buffalo is, possibly, less to be deplored than many of the brute creation which have disappeared before the advance of civilization. "You're too ugly to live," are the terms in which PARKMAN apostrophizes an "old unhappy bull" about to fall a victim to his rifle; and the noble Red Man as he depicts him is a somewhat squalid savage, having little in common either with the idealized Indian of Longfellow, or with the chivalrous brave of Fenimore Cooper. But the fascination of the Wild West dies hard, and Professor COMMAGER, in his

introduction to the present volume, justly claims that "it recreates . . . the wonder and beauty and intensity of life in the new world that is now old and but a memory."

C. F. S.

Faster! Faster!

Thrill after thrill, produced with the regularity and speed of a tape machine, characterize Miss HELEN MACINNES's new novel. There is no time to recover from one peak episode before another is upon you, not a moment's peace for a cast hurtled into action with such mechanical velocity that only a robot constitution could stand it. Yet *The Unconquerable* (HARRAP, 10/6) opens with considerable promise. An English girl *Sheila Matthews* is marooned in a Polish country-house on the outbreak of war; and, scorning to strain what facilities she has for escape, finds herself not unwillingly compelled to share her host's fortunes. So far, so good. The picture of the *Aleksanders'* last family party on the eve of the call-up shows that Miss MACINNES is by no means wholly dependent on melodrama. But once *Sheila Matthews* has become *Fräulein Braun* of the Auslands-Organization, purely in the interests of Poland, the book is given over to a spate of espionage, counter-espionage and guerrilla warfare which gets one no further in understanding and sympathy for Poland or her protagonists. In fact "here," as the Red Queen would say, "it takes all the running you can do to keep in the same place."

H. F. E.

The Origins of Prussianism

In spite of a bombastic jacket which states that "this is no book for would-be appeasers" and recommends it as an invaluable companion "for students of what is to-day known as Vansittartism," PAUL WINKLER's *The Thousand-Year Conspiracy* (HERBERT JENKINS, 15/-) is an intelligent and searching study of the evolution of Prussianism from the thirteenth century down to the present day. Though it is convincing, there is nothing particularly new in the author's destructive criticism of Frederick the Great, Bismarck and Nazism; but his account of the Teutonic Knights uncovers the source of modern Prussianism, and establishes the existence in Germany of two opposing ideals, one pre-Christian, the other Christian in the somewhat loose sense applied to the general civilization of Western Europe. The Teutonic Knights, an ostensibly Christian order, overran Prussia in the thirteenth century. As early as 1258 Pope Gregory IX, on behalf of the heathen natives, protested that they had not known oppression "before their darkness was illuminated by the torch of faith." The mercilessness of the Teutonic Knights, their insatiable lust for conquest, their systematized unscrupulousness, and all the other traits with which their descendants, the Prussian Junkers, have familiarized the modern world, are profusely illustrated by the author, who concludes "Already, at this point we can distinguish between 'good' and 'bad' Germany," and quotes Kotzebue, the historian of the Teutonic Knights—"The bourgeoisie remained firm in their morality and order. In the cities schools were flourishing. Each guild complied with the laws, which assured them peace, decency, and virtue." H. K.

When Soft Voices Die.

HELEN HENSCHEL whistled in tune before she could talk, and when scarcely out of her pram was whistling Bach. To read of such exploits may drive you in despair to take up the comb-and-tissue-paper (which is about the only musical medium of which she was not past mistress before

the age of twelve), but you will delight in making the acquaintance of the famous personalities who pass in brilliant procession through the pages of her book, *When Soft Voices Die* (JOHN WESTHOUSE, 10/6). Here you will meet Brahms and Dvorak, Liszt, Tchaikowsky, Joachim and many more—not to mention the Wagnerite parrot whose star turn was the "Ride of the Valkyries" which he yelled, in perfect tune, while hanging upside down from the roof of his cage. This book is not only a vivid and sympathetic musical biography of the authoress's parents, Sir George Henschel, singer, conductor and composer, and Lillian Bailey his wife, companion and fellow-artist; it is a lively picture of an age that is past. It is refreshing to read of the fancy-dress parties at Alma-Tadema's studio, of holidays spent with Brahms, and of a private recital given by Paderewski, with his youthful aureole of red-gold hair, to the workmen who built "the Henschels'" music-room. There are many words of wisdom too for the musician to garner. But the greatest charm of the book is its joyousness, for it conveys the joy of two people in their art and in the experiences they shared.

D. C. B.

"A Truly Great Human Being"

In *Wingate's Raiders* (HARRAP, 8/6) Mr. CHARLES J. ROLO, helped by two of General Wingate's senior officers, who gave up days of leave to tell the story of the Burma Expedition, has done a really grand piece of work, not only by detailing the exploits of the famous "ghost army" who destroyed the Japanese communication life-lines, but in portraying a man whose deeds, words and genius make him hero of a truth greater than any fiction. In a foreword Viscount Wavell describes his first meeting in 1937 with "the rather untidy young officer, who had no hesitation in putting forward unorthodox views and maintaining them," and tells how he marked him for a leader in case of need. The author tells us that "the sword, the Bible, and the flair for strange races" were all part of his heritage. He believed that human beings can store up energy as a camel stores water. In 1942 he was summoned to India and given a free hand to build up a new kind of army for warfare in Burma. The book tells how he did this, and then describes with clarity and economy the expedition that started from Imphal and journeyed a thousand miles through jungle, mountains and rivers, while Wingate "watched over his men like a guardian angel" until he was able to point to the Chindwin valley—"This is our last lap. There in that blue haze lies Jordan, and beyond it the Promised Land." The author mourns his tragic death and gives much of his great life in a book that could not have been better done.

B. E. B.



"... and I can say without fear of contradiction . . ."



"What can we ask for, Miss, without you shooting up your eyebrows?"

This Talking at Breakfast

IT doesn't really matter what school you go to, Peter, because the school is not going to make you. You are going to make the school."

"Please don't make him conceited, darling, I don't want him to be exactly like his father . . . otherwise I might as well have had twins."

"But my poor dear sweetheart, the one essential rule about twins is that they *have* to be the same age!"

"Just the same, any two men in one house who are exactly alike get monotonous, especially if they are both equally clever, and I am the fool."

"Which school am I going to, then, mummy?"

"What I am trying to explain to you, and to your darling mummy . . . whom I love . . . is that a boy with your upbringing, Peter . . . your home background, and ancestral tradition, would not be made any better because you went to any particular school, or worse because you went to some other

one. If sufficient nice boys go to one school, then naturally that becomes a nice school; that is the only reason it ever does become one; because if no nice boys went there it would be a nasty school."

"But just now and again, of course, one perfectly wonderful boy does go to a very ordinary school and make it famous, Peter . . . like your father did at a place I have forgotten."

"You refer to Meadow House?"

"Your father means, Peter, that he will not put you down for Winchester because of the fees. He wants you to study in the evenings at the Free Library, and then graduate to the Open Air Theatre or something, where there is no heating to pay for. (I love you.)"

"I love you."

"Doesn't anybody love me?"

"Yes, everybody loves you, Peter."

"Anyway, the school really doesn't matter as long as they play Rugger."

"Peter is going to play tennis."

"Oh, where?"

"Wimbledon."

"In whose garden?"

"You know quite well what I mean."

"If you seriously imagine Peter solemnly standing outside the Centre Court in his flannels . . ."

"Your flannels . . . cut down."

"With a few old balls in one of those ridiculous string bags, and a warped racket, smugly waiting to be asked to make up a four, I can only say that he will be far better occupied learning to box."

"Peter is not going to box. I do not wish him to have a nose like yours."

"My nose is due entirely to the fact that I could *not* box. Peter must be taught from the cradle."

"Thank heavens you are too late for that. Or to put beer in his bottle, so that he would grow up a rowing man."

"I would *like* beer in my bottle, mummy."

"Don't be an ass, Peter, you gave up a bottle years ago. In fact you

beat the record for any boy giving up his bottle . . ."

"And going on to a tankard."

"I am explaining to Peter that he was a thorough little he-man."

"Nevertheless he will not box."

"Very well, let him be a pansy. And when I am dead, and you turn to him for protection because you have been insulted, and say 'Hit him, Peter!' he will be obliged to answer: 'I'm sorry, mother, but I don't know how.'"

"I agree to him rowing at Henley, to a certain extent."

"Now how on earth do you row at Henley 'to a certain extent'? Do you want him to ease up at half-way or something?"

"I don't mind him walking about the lawns with me afterwards, in his school hat-band."

"If he stops rowing to wave his school hat-band to you as he goes by, he will not walk about the lawns with me afterwards."

"I should like to row in a boat, mummy."

"Your mummy once rowed in a boat, Peter. We were on a loch in Scotland. I was rowing first, and as the oars were very heavy and rough, I got a terrible splinter in my finger."

"He stopped rowing at once, darling . . . just like he says you mustn't at Henley."

"Your mother persuaded me to stop, Peter, while she extracted the splinter with a pair of eyebrow tweezers."

"And kissed his finger, Peter."

"Why did you kiss it?"

"To suck out the poison. And then as he was making such a fuss I rowed the boat home."

"And so, Peter, rowing is in your blood on both sides, and if you also play Rugger, and box . . ."

"Peter will not box."

"I love you."

"I love you."

"Wouldn't you like to box, Peter?"

"Will they hit me in the tummy?"

"Not if you can box. And what is more important, they will not hit your mummy in the tummy after I am dead."

"When are you going to die, daddy?"

"On August Bank Holiday."

"Peter, I want you to play tennis at Wimbledon. Will you do that to please mummy?"

"Or would you rather swim the Channel, Peter?"

"Or dance well?"

"Or bowl frightfully fast at Lord's?"

"Can I do just what I want?"

"Well, what do you want?"

"To get down now and go and feed my rabbits."

Sic Transit . . . !

THE gentleman in the opposite corner of the carriage had been regarding me for some time and at last, casting aside his Englishman's reserve, he leaned towards me and spoke.

"I hope you'll excuse me," he said, "but you're a pilot, aren't you?"

"Yes," I replied, immediately on my guard.

"I thought so," he said exultantly. "I could tell by your wings."

I was on the point of making a choice reply but my wife quietly dug her elbow in my ribs and I remained silent. After a moment or two he spoke again.

"Have you ever been over Berlin?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

"That's interesting," he said. "When were you last there?"

"Last night," I said.

He seemed somewhat taken aback and, adjusting his glasses, leaned further forward and peered at me as if he were making quite certain there was anybody there at all.

"How remarkable," he said at length, "and to think that here you are, only the day after, on the train to Birmingham."

"I get out at Castlethorpe," I remarked.

My wife tittered, but it may have been at something she was reading in some paper or other.

"I would be very interested to hear some of your experiences," he said, "but of course I know you chaps don't like—"

"Not at all," I said. "Actually we spent most of the afternoon looking round the shops. My wife bought a pair of shoes and I bought a tie. Then we had tea and—"

"No," the gentleman broke in quietly, "I meant your experiences over Berlin. I am sure you must have had many, because I see from the illustrations of medal ribbons I have in my diary that you are wearing the Distinguished Flying Cross and Bar. Did you get those over the German capital?"

"No," I said. "I got the D.F.C. on a raid to Essen and the bar on the way back from Hamburg."

"How magnificent! You were in danger, I suppose?"

"On the first occasion I was inverted for a short time."

"Inverted?"

"Upside down."

"Were you on fire?"

"Not personally, but the starboard outer was."

"Who is he?"

"The engine furthest away on the right-hand side."

"How did you put it out?"

"I used the automatic fire extinguisher and then blew it out."

He looked rather incredulous, so I said—"I don't mean like candles on a cake. I put on a burst of speed and the increased airflow did the rest."

"I see. And the second time—over Hamburg?"

"Enemy fighters again, although this time it was the port inner."

"You had been drinking?"

"No. I was referring to the nearest engine on the left-hand side."

"Was it on fire?"

"Not this time. It was just U.S."

"United States?"

"Un-serviceable. Later the starboard inner was hit by flak—anti-aircraft fire—and all the time I had to take violent evasive action. We were not on an even keel for more than ten seconds at a time. That is to say," I went on hastily as I saw him open his mouth to speak, "I had to change the position of the aeroplane in the sky often and a very great deal."

An R.A.F. corporal got up from his seat and went out into the corridor. He made quite an unnecessary amount of noise in closing the door, and then the gentleman spoke again.

"You know," he said, "it always seems a miracle to me how your stomachs can stand up to all these violent evolutions. Personally I have only to spend three minutes on my small daughter's swing at home to necessitate my lying down for the rest of the afternoon with a receptacle at my bedside. Tell me, is it often very rough 'up there'?"

With the R.A.F. corporal out of the way I felt I could speak more freely.

"Oh, yes," I said. "Why, in some types I have actually pranged—hit my head against the roof in particularly bad weather. Electric storms are the worst of course—sometimes even heavy aircraft have been inverted—turned completely upside down."

"Astounding! And then of course there are all these aerobatics, aren't there?"

"Not in Lancs."

"Oh, indeed? How about Yorkshire?"

"I beg your pardon?"

"Do they do aerobatics in Yorkshire?"

"I don't quite follow you."

"Well, you say you don't do them in Lancs. I was wondering how the

other counties were affected. Yorkshire, for instance, or even Sussex. I'm a Sussex man myself."

"By 'Lancs' I meant Lancasters—the type of aircraft I fly, you know."

"Oh, I see. I'm sorry."

"Not at all."

He seemed a little sad and went on—"It's a pity about the aerobatics, because I was going to ask you to explain how you did what I believe is called a Victory Roll. I'm particularly anxious to find out because my two children, for some reason, think I ought to know."

I peered down the corridor as far as I could without making it too obvious, and noticing that the corporal was nowhere in sight leant forward confidentially. "I have also flown Hurricanes and Spitfires," I said, "so if you really want to know and would care to lend me your umbrella I will give you an idea."

"You are very obliging," he said, brightening up.

"It's a pleasure," I replied, and taking the silver-mounted handle delicately between my fingers, commenced to execute the movements with beautiful precision.

"Now, you understand," I said, "that your umbrella is the control column or, as you probably know it, the joy-stick, and I should like you to presume that we are travelling at shall we say three hundred miles an hour."

"Most exhilarating!"

"We shall dive a little, however, to

make our performance more spectacular, so by easing your umbrella a trifle forward I increase our speed to three hundred and fifty."

"Incredible!"

"Now back with the control column—the nose of the aeroplane rises gently—over to the right with it, the wing goes down and we commence to roll over sideways, if you follow me."

As the gentleman himself was heeling over in his enthusiasm it was obvious that he did.

"Now that we are banked vertically we must kick on a lot of top rudder to keep the nose on the horizon."

I lashed out with my feet and the umbrella slipped on the floor, the ferrule catching my wife a sharp blow on the ankle. I apologized and went on—"Over we go, then, until here we are, upside down."

"Ah—h—h!"

"However, by keeping the control column well forward and over to the right the aeroplane will continue to rotate about its longitudinal axis and we shall come right side up."

"Good."

"Top rudder again—stick back a little—and here we are where we started."

The gentleman took out a handkerchief and mopped his forehead.

"Thank you! Thank you!" he said.

"I must practise that at home." And taking back his umbrella he planted it firmly on the floor between his legs and proceeded to handle it with such vigour that it is doubtful if the wings of his

aeroplane would have stayed on for five seconds. At the same time he endeavoured to represent the noise of an engine by purring softly to himself and occasionally rising to a peculiar crescendo which gave me the impression that the oil pressure was failing.

"Of course," I said, after a bit, "there are lots of other things. A flick roll, for instance, breaks the monotony quite well, and a roll off the top of a loop or a falling leaf makes a nice change. A sensation you wouldn't care for, though," I added casually, "is what happens when you de-synchronize your engines to fool the enemy's sound detectors. The kite—I mean the machine—wallows through the sky like an inebriated elephant. Very sick-making, if you're that way inclined."

I was on the point of leaning forward to correct his latest movement with the umbrella, which would have resulted in his stalling on his back, when I stopped suddenly and riveted my attention on the fields flashing past the window. I began to breathe deeply with my mouth half open and I knew that my eyes had gone slightly bloodshot. In addition small beads of perspiration stood out on my forehead. My wife was fully acquainted with the symptoms and as from a distance I heard her speaking to the gentleman.

"I wonder if you would mind changing places with my husband," she was saying. "It always upsets him if he has to sit with his back to the engine."



"This was the only wallpaper left in stock."

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38-109

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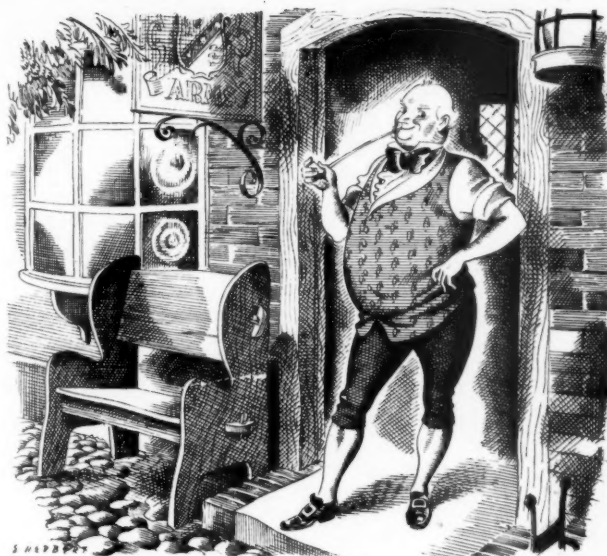
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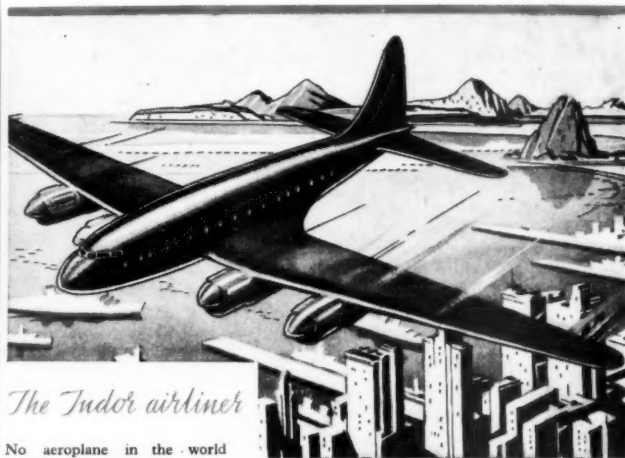
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